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SUNNY RHYMES

FOR

HAPPY HOURS

By MARGARET A. FASSITT

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Sunny Rhymes for Happy Hours

BY

MARGARET A. FASSITT

PHILADELPHIA
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
1922

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MARGARET'S
MOTHER SAYS
THIS LITTLE BOOK
BELONGS TO HER

Blow, winds, blow!
Gay flowers grow!
Blossom at the feet
Of our children sweet.

Blow, winds, blow!
Children too must grow!
Give them happy days,
Pleasant, loving ways.
Blow, winds, blow!

CONTENTMENT

Little brown squirrel, what do you see
Up in the top of that walnut tree?
"I see a dog, a pussy-cat, too,
Both quite anxious to say, 'How-do-do'?
Pussy would eat me, pup toss in air,
But I say, 'Friends, I'm not coming there,
You may fool some, you can't humbug me,
Contented I'll stay in my walnut tree.' "

THE ONLY CHILD

Some people think it's awful nice to be an only child,
That they get all the sugar-plums, are always meek and mild,
'Cause they have all the training that's intended for, say, five,
But I tell you it's the meanest and hardest thing alive:
You daren't call your life your own, it's always "Don't do that,"
Unless you're soft and quiet just like some old pussy-cat.
There's not a soul at home to slap and not a child to play
And I'd rather be a dozen than one child, any day.

THE SCRUBBING SONG

Don't you love to scrub the kitchen when Susanna is away?
Some folks, I guess, call it working, but I call it best of play.
It's more fun than blowing bubbles, and lots more than "Come-to-see";
I don't know of any one thing that is half such fun to me.

Splashing out the soap and water, planning out a pretty scene;
Islands, capes and little inlets, with a bay thrown in between.
Mother calls, "Not too much playing, 'member this is your work-day."
I just love to scrub the kitchen when Susanna is away.

THE BEAGLE

I'm a busy little, happy little, homely little dog,
And my legs are just as crooked as can be;
My people do not love me for my beauty, I am sure,
But I think that they just love me 'cause it's me.

I can find a "Molly Cottontail" when rabbit days are here,
For with my big ears I hear them chase about,
And then my master pats me on my ugly head and says,
"Well, old chap, you're the best rabbit dog that's out."

So it's kind o' nice to think of when a thorn gets in your foot,
And you're hoppin' about on it rather lame,
That though you are some ugly, if you do the thing that's meant,
Folks are pretty sure to like you just the same.

DOROTHY J. M. S.

Oh, Miss Dorothy Jane Melissa Supplee
Quite disgraced herself when she went out to tea;
For she ate with her fingers; that made the folks stare.
Her Mother pushed at her, but she did not care;
She asked twice for chicken, for ice cream and cake,
And said that was something her Mother won't make;
She spoiled the fine tablecloth—they let that pass—
But oh, crime of crimes, she then broke her cut glass;
And Miss Dorothy Jane Melissa Supplee
Got—what do you think?—when she came home from tea

THE WRIGGLER

Well, I wriggle sometimes, and so they all say
That I'm not still one moment the whole livelong day;
But how they can say it I really can't see,
For when I'm asleep I'm as still as can be.

GLASSES

Willy's wearin' glasses now,
Mother's awful proud of him,
Shows him off to company,
Tries to keep him neat and trim.
Won't let him do his old work,
Carryin' wood and milkin' cow,
'Fraid he might get mussed up some.
Willy's wearin' glasses now.

Willy's wearin' glasses now,
Goes about with head in air,
So he often comes to grief
Stumblin' over stool or chair.
Hardly sees us common folks,
Walks around like this somehow,
Hands in pockets, top-loft air.
Willy's wearin' glasses now.

THE CITY CHILD

I saw the queerest thing to-day—we were out of
town—
A man took up a handle and worked it up and
down,
And then he took a bucket and held it up
there quick,
And he got real live water right out of that old
stick.

DESSERT

When we have peach pudding I think that it is best
And always hope they'll give me what's left over from the rest;
And when we have mince pie I know that it is fine,
So look most carefully to see if Sue's is any more than mine;
But when it's lemon custard, gee, it's out of sight!
I wish that I could eat it from morning until night.

THE QUEER HOUSE

The house that lives across the way
Did just the strangest thing to-day;
Why, when I looked across to see
It stood and winked its eye at me.
I never saw a house before
That did not have a single door;
This one has lots of windows wide,
With blinds that go from side to side:
There was a wind, perhaps 'twas shy,
I looked, and it just winked its eye.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

The old goose said, "Quack, quack, quack,
quack"—
The child began to cry.
The kind old, nice old, merry old goose
Said, "Quack, quack! My, oh my!
I'll have to go and comfort that child."
But he cried louder still,
The closer she came the louder he cried,
And that went on until
Someone stood in the open door,
Surprised her out of breath,
Said, "Shoo, you bad old horrid goose,
You'll scare that child to death."

MR. CROW

There's an old, old, old, old, bad, old crow,
And he says, "Caw, caw, caw, caw."
He steals my Pop's little chicks sometimes
And steals the corn when it's raw.

So Pop put up a big scarecrow;
He said, "Caw, that don't bother me."
Pop said, "I'll get my shooting gun
And then we'll see what we see."

He hid there with his shooting gun,
Mr. Crow picked up some corn.
"Bang, bang!" Mr. Crow turned with a grin:
"Caw, I'll be back in the morn."

THE HOPTOAD

A hoptoad came as hoptoads will
As I was sitting on our doorsill;
He hopped right out there under a tree
As though he thought I'd like to see.
He ate some flies and 'fore you'd s'pose
Gave a jerk and pulled off some clothes,
Rolled them up in a hard ball, tight;
Gave one gulp; they were out of sight.
I laughed to see him swallow them till
I rolled right off of our doorsill.

ADMIRATION

A haughty little, naughty little, saucy little girl,
With a ribbon on her bonnet and her hair in a nice curl,
Stood still gazing one fine morning into the looking-glass
And her mother chanced to see her, as she happened to go past:
She said, with fine scorn in her voice, a frown upon her brow,
"Well, you must think you are pretty, the way you're gazing now."
Small maid looked o'er her shoulder, with a little grin to suit,
"No, me don't think me is pretty, but me thinks me's pretty cute."

THE ECHO

Tommy did not understand
  Where echoes could come from,
When 'twas carefully explained
  He thought that he'd try some.

It turned out very pleasing—
  There was a nearby hill—
The echo came back strongly
  When he called, "Bill, Bill, Bill."

His little dog came running,
  Thinking he wanted him,
But laddie did not see him,
  His eyes were set and dim.

The echo of his own voice
  Gave him such keen delight
That he just stood there calling
  From morning until night.

I think if you are passing
  That you will find him still
Standing there by the garden
  And calling, "Bill, Bill, Bill."

THE ZOO

Of all funny places I think the Zoo
The funniest one to visit, don't you?
The camels with trunks, the bears with long tails,
The lions they say that eat real live whales;
The parrots that walk on their heads and spin,
The zebra they say that does nothing but grin;
The monkeys that crow, the elephants small,
The apes that sit and do nothing at all.
Of all funny places I think the Zoo
The funniest one that you can go to.

DISCONSOLATE

What's the use o' standin' wishin'
If you cannot go a-fishin'?
What's the use to be a boy
If you can't have any joy?
Daddy says, "Hoe all you can;
Hoe that garden like a man."
Hoein's not so very pleasin'
When the worms all come a-teasin';
Here I stand a-wishin', wishin',
And I just can't go a-fishin'.

DAWN

When I got up this morning
It still was dark, dark night;
When I looked from the window
The stars were twinkling bright;
But after while the big sun
Arose for a new day
And all the pretty wee stars
Got scared and ran away.

BOOTS

Wiggly, wobbly, flippery flop;
Not my boots, they belong to Pop.
I put them on for fun to see
How 'twould feel to be big as he.
Wiggly, wobbly, flippery flop!
I do not want feet big as Pop.

CRY-BABY

The boys are allus teasin' me,
I think it's mean as it can be;
To-day they tossed my cap away,
As I turned 'round I heard 'em say:
"Now, run for it, you little kid,"
And I stood still and cried, I did.

And Sis is big, she teases too,
And does things you don't think she'd do;
She says, "Here comes our baby lad."
I'm ten last Spring, it makes me mad
The way she says it. My, oh my!
Why it just makes me cry and cry..

An' teacher said in school to-day,
"Miss five words and you've got to stay."
Yes, she did, and I missed eleven—
Made me stay 'way on to seven.
I couldn't study if I tried,
'Cause I sat there and cried and cried.

COMMENTS

Oh, just see that big bird! Now isn't he queer
With his feathers on all upside down?
His color is funny, his eyes are aslant,
He reminds me quite much of a clown.
I wish he would open his mouth and sing some
Till I listen if that is queer too.
If I was as funny for being a girl
I wonder just what I should do?

I heard what you said, little girl, little girl,
For your tones were quite distinct and clear,
And you know no one likes—not even a bird—
So especially well to be "queer";
And as for my colors, they suit me, I hope,
But perhaps you just said it to tease;
My nice feather boa is down-side to you,
But I wear it that way, if you please.

SPRING

All the pretty flowers of Spring,
What a happiness they bring;
Seem to speak right from above,
Saying, "Children, 'God is love'."

See the merry daffodils
Gaily nodding from the hills.
Violets blue and May-flowers fair,
Springing up 'most anywhere.

Oh, how welcome is the breeze
From the blossoming apple trees.
Earth is sweet with rich perfume
When the spring flowers are in bloom.

HELPS

I have a busy little nose
That goes about with me
And can always smell the goodies
We're going to have for tea.

I have a hungry little mouth
That always likes to be
Near where all these goodies are
Before it's time for tea.

I have two merry little eyes
That seldom fail to see
Where cakes and puddings have been hid
Away for company.

I have two active little hands
That help me day by day
To reach the shelf where these things are
Most carefully put away.

NUMBERS

Numbers are such funny things,
  Seems to me I'll never learn;
First I think I understand,
  Then they take another turn.
Two and two, I thought, made four—
  Teacher set it down to do;
I said "Four" and someone laughed,
  "Little Goose, it's twenty-two."

MARCH

With a whiff and puff, a breeze and a blow,
Hold tight to your hat or off it will go,
I needn't tell you, for I'm sure you know—
That's March.

With a smile and sigh, a laugh and a frown,
He tears through the land and races through town,
Then like a madcap he whirls up and down—
Just March.

The robins and larks and bluebirds are here
And though he may storm the skies will soon clear.
A blustery chap, but we love you, old dear—
Our March.

DINING

Father and I dined at a hotel,
A jolly nice treat to do so,
It makes you feel quite pleasant and large
And rather important, you know.

One funny thing about it to me,
Of course, though, I only heard part,
Was the waiter man whispering to Pa,
"We have our meals on the cart."

But we sat at the table and ate,
Although I expected to see
A pretty cart appear from somewhere
With dinner for Father and me.

TWO VIEWS

I've two ears and I am glad,
Sometimes, too, they make me sad.

Glad when I hear Daddy say:
"Want to go with me to-day?
In the country, way, way far
We'll go in the big, new car."
My face shines 'most like the sun
'Cause I know 'twill be such fun:
Gee, I'm glad!

Sad when I hear Mother say:
"I want Benny for the day;
Now that school is out, you see,
He'll be lots of help to me;
Flowers to weed and peas to hull,
Not a moment will be dull."
My frown's black as it can be,
But Mother doesn't seem to see:
Gee, I'm sad!

THE FRIGHT

You know old Peter Rabbit,
But did you ever hear
Of his Mother's cousin's aunt
They all call Hanaclear?

The awful thing that happened,
She went to bed one night
And almost lost her nice ears,
It gave her such a fright.

For a great big Oh, my, Oh,
I'm 'most afraid to say,
It makes the shivery chills run
Up my spine this summer day.

Now don't you think 'twas dreadful?
'Twould give you, too, a scare,
If you should see that awful thing
Just calmly sitting there.

CRICKET

A cricket sat under the little brown gate
  Singing, "Crickety, crickety, crick,"
When a tiny green fly that was passing by
  Said, "Sing, Wickety, wickety, wick;
For you'll gobble us up, you know you will,
And that is the reason we never are still,
For you're not satisfied with us until
  You go Lickety, lickety, lick."

THE LITTLE SPRUCE TREE

Oh, it may rain or it may snow,
Sun may shine or wind may blow,
It matters not at all to me,
For I'm no child, but a spruce tree.

The birds will come and rest in me,
And pleasant sights I often see;
Winter they love my berries small,
I give food and a feast to all.

I watch the sun come with its light
And the tired moon sink out of sight,
But though these things are joy to me
I'll get cut for a Christmas tree.

PILLS AND BILLS

Dr. Brown said, "Now, Tommy, stick out your
tongue
And see if I give you a nice sugar-plum."
And he did? No, sir, he gave pills I despise,
Big pink ones, small black ones, and white middle
size.
The funniest thing, though he *gives* me the pills,
He never forgets to send Daddy the bills.

LESSONS

I'm slow at my geography
And at my history too,
I don't get on with 'rithmetic,
Whatever shall I do?

My language, it is out of sight,
I cannot spell at all,
The only thing I do real well
Is make a good spit-ball.

And my reading is no better
Than any child of seven.
I think I'll go to sleep and stay
Till I am sixty-'leven.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

I made up the loveliest poem
While I was awake last night,
All about roses and posies
And beautiful bright starlight;
But when I awoke this morning—
I know it seems most absurd—
For, try as hard as I would try,
I couldn't find one matching word.
I cannot quite understand it,
I think such grand things at night,
But they fly off in the morning
With the first glimmer of light.

WILLIAM'S PREFERENCE

The lark that sings in the morning
Is always so good to hear;
The tiny wren that hops about
I think is a little dear;
The woodthrush and the turtledove
I hear them singing still,
But one bird's song I do not like,
The one that says, "Whip poor Will."

I'm always afraid that Father
Or perhaps Mother might hear;
He says it so very plainly
Whether he's far or near;
Might remind them of a duty
They had not performed that day
And I'd go to bed with sore spots,
Which is an unpleasant way.

NOBODY

Nobody came to Nobody's house,
And knocked at Nobody's door;
Nobody came to answer the knock,
So Nobody knocked some more.

Nobody called from Nobody's house,
"Who may be knocking there?"
Nobody said toward Nobody's house,
"Come out, for the day is fair."

Nobody spoke from Nobody's house,
"I'm not coming out, you know,
The day may be bright and may be fair,
I'm sure it soon will snow."

Nobody ran from Nobody's house
As fast as Nobody can;
Nobody knows who Nobody was,
Or will, or ever can.

THOUGHTS IN JULY

I love to pick the flowers, don't you?
The crocuses and violets blue?
But I've found out and I'll tell you,
  Be careful where they're at;
For I picked some one other day,
'Twas half in earnest, half in play—
(That slap I feel, tho' it was May)—
  From off my Mommie's hat.

SPRING THOUGHTS

I had to write, to-day in school, an essay upon
Spring.
I couldn't find one word to write or think of
anything
Till a perky little robin sitting out on a tree
Looked right in through the window and winked
his eye at me.
And he swelled up his little throat and then
began to sing
About the merry April showers, and the May
flowers they bring.
And then I told to teacher every word that he
did say,
And she said it was the bestest essay written
there to-day.

MISQUOTED

"I have two hands so soft and white—"
But Mother says that isn't right,
That mine are always black or brown,
The dirtiest hands that are in town,
That one whole cake of soap each night
Would not make my hands soft and white.

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